

THROUGH RAIN AND MUD

Scotland Greets the Wheelmen with
Bad Roads and Rough Weather.

"Wheeling" vs. Boating.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
August 17, 1895.

Glasgow is interesting as a typical Scotch city. It seems to us a second New York. Rushing business is everywhere. The city's only monument, the Cathedral, seems out of place. A large, severe, frowning old pile of stone it is, dating back to the 13th century, with beautiful windows, and a deep, dark, crypt with heavy stone carvings. With the necropolis on a high hill behind, it forms an impressive picture. Readers may read over again the reference to it in Rob Roy, where it is described more fully and more accurately than we can hope to.

We were not regretful when, with our staunch wheels under us, we left the busy city in the rear, and went spinning out Argyle street, over the old Dumbarton road to the northwest. The road, after we leave the town, lies along the river Clyde. We pass the ship-yards with their deafening hammers and their miles of iron vessels in all stages of construction, and emerge upon a pastoral scene of great loveliness. Green fields broad and long, sloping to the wooded hills above, where on either side. After the bare hills of Ireland, these wooded heights were very welcome. Away to the north we caught glimpses of the mist-hidden mountain peaks.

The incident of the morning was a race with a little steam yacht. Her deck was filled with a gay party out for a day's sail, and as we came up along side of her we heard from the ladies cries of "a race, a race." She uttered two or three shrill shrieks and with wheeze and puff doubled her speed. Handkerchiefs were waving and good-byes floated out tauntingly to us upon the road, but we were not to be left in this manner. It was down grade and we were fresh, so we "let her go." For about five miles we very easily kept the pace when an ocean liner steaming up the river, put an end to our fun and nearly to the yacht, for the river is not wide here and coming round a curve sharply they narrowly avoided a collision. It was our turn to laugh, so waving a victorious adieu, we soon left the pleasure party far behind.

If that portion of "Bonnie Scotland" which lies to the southwest of Glasgow and skirts the broad estuary of the Clyde is entitled to be known as "the land of Burns." With equal justice may we associate the name of Scott with the country of lakes and mountains which stretches northward from Glasgow to the chain of picturesque lakes extending from the head of Loch Lomond to royal Stirling on the east.

We left the Clyde at Dumbarton, which derives its name from a great rock rising some six hundred feet from the plain, and surmounted with Dumbarton castle. Thence it was a half hour's ride to Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond.

Loch Lomond is the greatest of Scottish lakes. High on either side the mountains rise three and four miles up and down to the summit. Here the mists hang and mutterings of thunder proclaim the almost eternal presence of the storm gods. Ben Lomond rears his mighty head to the eastward and seems to guard with majestic pride the treasure at his feet.

As we came in sight of the lake, the soft and mellow music of the Scottish bagpipes came floating across the water. We found a regatta on. There were yachts large and small, with banners and pinions gaily flung to the wind. Eight-oared and four-oared shells were here. All was confusion and tangle to the uninitiated, but the beauty and hilarity of the scene and the occasional were in the very ozone, and we found ourselves cheering madly, as from the steamer, serving a starting point, the pistol shot was fired and the fleet of yachts stood away for the run. It would take a musical reporter to describe our delight as the military band struck up popular airs, and cheer on cheer rang out from the holiday crowd upon the shore. We tarried but a short time, then wheeled regretfully away up the lake side, where the road, close to the water's edge, well graveled, follows the windings of the shore.

At Tarbet we took steamer for Inverness, and after an hour's tortuous climb over rock and moun-

tain torrent, to find Rob Roy's cave, where it is said he confined his prisoners until their ransom was forthcoming, we began the ascent of the mountain toward Loch Katrine.

Up into the mist and darkness we went, now pushing our good wheels before us, then with rubber coats donned, riding slowly and tediously through the sloppy mud. We were wet, hungry and mad. With freshened memories of Rob Roy's escapades, not at all conducive to tranquility of mind were these unfrequented mountain passes, these dark sullen hills and gulches. Our hair literally stood on ends (except that of the newspaper man's, of course, for he is bald) when out of the gloom, two horsemen, grim and frightful, appeared. We stood back with hands upon our revolvers, for with curses that fairly turned the air to sulphurous fumes they halted and demanded toll. As the nickle gleam of our "pops" caught their eye, with drunken laugh they wheeled and clattered down the road. Two herdsmen, enjoying the August holidays—that was all. Late that night we toiled into the hotel on the shores of Loch Katrine.

We made a goodly distance the day we passed through the upper lake region. The hotels there are expensive, and we were eager to reach the places again where competition keeps the prices down. The boat that we intended taking was not running that day. A path eight miles long was said to lead around the head of Loch Katrine, and by this path we might again reach the road. We started up that path full of vigor, jesting merrily, for the sun was shining and our spirits were revived accordingly. The environment was as beautiful as fancy could wish. On one hand spread away the dimpled lake rippling its pebbles musically on either shore, on the other hand hung the sombre mountain, rocky, bald, towering. Between lay the path. It may by courtesy be called a path. I do not think that two people a day passed over it. At first we could trundle our bicycles. Then came rocks, and gullies full of rushing torrents. Where any soil could cling, it was grown with heavy grass, and sopping wet, like a huge sponge. Each step into it sank one to his shoe top. The rocks were slippery, compelling us to crawl in places. We were forced to take our mounts, luggage and all, upon our backs and carry them. To make the matter merrier, rain came on—the rain that ever hangs above Ben Lomond. We must have cut a funny figure with our glittering machines on our backs, stooped nearly double with the awkward weight of them, puffing, perspiring, staggering along for twenty yards and then pausing for breath. The scenery lost its charm. Five long weary, mortal miles we clambered over that sort of road, before we reached even the sign of a human being. Then suddenly we came upon a house in a luxuriant meadow at the head of the lake. May we always remember the taste of the sweet milk and fresh bread that we had at that house! And may blessings attend the good man who for a paltry fee took us aboard his boat, and rowed with us three miles down the lake until a road was reached.

We decided that floating over the bosom of that clear lake was a sort of paradise, compared with the hardships that we had been enduring for the last few hours. Lying back and taking it easy, with our pipes all going well, we gazed upon the scene of our morning's struggle as reviewing the features of a bad dream. So we came on, the landscape being charming, and marred by only two constructions of the hand of man. The one was the hotel, the other buildings for water-works.

This Loch Katrine is the very jewel of the Scotch lakes. It is perhaps 500 feet above sea level, and is completely surrounded by mountains. Not so large as Lomond, nor so small as Achray. It is nine miles long by two or three wide. Its waters are fresh from the torrents that gush eternally down the mountain side, and the water-works buildings above referred to belong to Glasgow, thirty miles away. The great city, by merely boring a tunnel, has provided itself with an abundant supply of as pure water as flows.

Near the Loch's foot, we approached with reverence an islet, called Ellen's isle. Here lived that fair creation of the Wizard of the North, the Lady of the Lake, and here was the

home of the fierce Roderick Dhu. By the water's side we rested, and with a copy of the poem beguiled some pleasant hours.

A description of those scenes would be a bold thing when one has in mind Scott's lines, and to those lines let us refer our readers, saying only that the great poet has seen with the poet's eye and has seen with faithful minuteness and piercing discrimination. Our last glimpse of the lake showed it in greater loveliness than at any other position.

Islands, wooded at the water's edge, grown high above the fragrant heather, precipitous mountains on either shore, wooded and heather grown half way up and above, showing bare, riven rocks, brown with the beating of the elements and seamed in picturesque zigzags with foaming torrents that gleamed silvery white in the distance—all this presented a picture that we hope will linger long on the retina of memory.

The Troochs is the next lion of the region. It is puffed up as being a great thing, but were it not for the lake, it would not have been discovered. There is a mile of it, and it is merely a mountain broken up in pieces, thrown about a valley, some soil put over the rocks, and all sorts of hardy trees growing in the soil. It is surely a picturesque mass of debris, but there are many like it in the Alleghanies. Through the Troochs, by the Brig of Turk, by Duncraggan, and on we followed quickly the path of the Fiery Cross, as told in the third canto of the Lady of the Lake, doing our best to faithfully admire the vigorous poem and to put ourselves back into the atmosphere of its story. Our long day ended with a twenty-five mile run down the valley of the Teith to ancient Sterling. Although the road was slippery from rains, we made the entire run without a single dismount. Broad and smooth was the roadway: there were no hills, or stones, and guideboards pointed the way, so that without exertion we slipped over the miles through a country fertile in soil, genial in climate and full of fine watering place villages, until the stone-flowered monument to Wallace rose from the wooded hill top before us a hazy castle appeared on the right, and we knew that we had reached one of the most noted places of Scotland.

Sterling and its castle are so old that their origin goes beyond even tradition. It stands on a rock that rises from a level plain eighteen miles long and three wide. Of old it was impregnable and was called the "Key to the Highlands." Kings and queens lived in it centuries ago; again and again it was besieged, but never taken. Palace, parliament hall and castle are all yet well preserved, with their original carvings.

These carvings are most grotesque, for while they represent the characters of Grecian mythology, they have grafted into them the lustier and ruder ideas of the people of the North.

From the castle wall, Bannockburn's field may be seen, as well as at least a score of other battle-fields. Indeed, the view is so extended as to reach Edinburgh and Ben Lomond, and to take in half Scotland, so that with a map in his hand, the traveler may perch himself up there and study the country spread before his very eyes. Old churches, abbeys, castles and monuments dot the hills in all directions. For scope of outlook and historical significance, there is but one place in Scotland that surpasses Stirling—namely, Edinburgh.

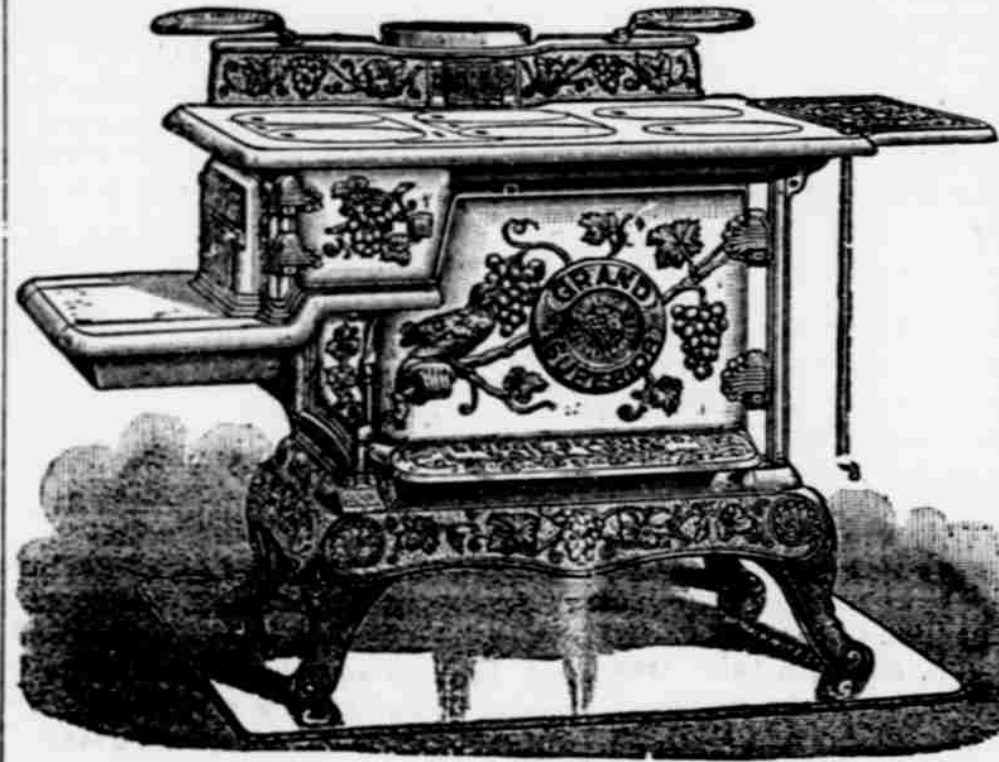
And to Edinburgh we hurried one afternoon, making the 37 miles nicely, and coming in as usual, wet from the rain and mud splashed from head to foot. We have figured it out that we are rain producers. Ireland had a dry summer before we landed, and it rained each day but one while we were there. Scotland was troubled for rain the past few months; now she has more than enough, and we have had one fair day in the country.

Edina is too large for this letter. She will have to wait a week. In the meantime permit a word of advice to boys who are wheeling in Scotland. While at Sterling, don't stop at Dowdy's Temperance hotel. It is a snare and fraud. It put additional shillings on our bill, by a trick and when we refused to pay them it called the police, who decided that we had been legally duped and would have to pay the bill. So, young men, avoid Dowdy's.

Call and see those new style leather belts at Mrs. C. P. Vandiver's. They are only 25cts each.

HARDWARE

Is a necessity. When you need anything in that line see W. D. Vaughan before buying. He sells the "Nancy Hanks" Force Pumps for shallow or deep wells; two brass cylinders throw a continual stream. Easiest working pump on the market; satisfaction guaranteed. Superior cook stoves, fire backs warranted 15 yrs; all other castings warranted 12 months; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



Repairing of all kinds promptly and neatly executed by a competent, practical workman.

Respectfully,
W. D. VAUGHAN, Keytesville, Mo.

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Siberia Refrigerators,
Cook Stoves,
Full Line Cutlery,
Queensware,
White Mountain Ice
Cream Freezers, trip-
ple motion; freeze
Cream in 10 minutes.

The Business Situation.

"Those who habitually hunt for clouds on the horizon must go outside of the iron trade now." This is what the "Iron Age" says in speaking of the iron market. The capacity of the furnaces at present at work throughout the country is 180,525 tons a week, as compared with 156,554 for the furnaces in operation three months ago. Production is at a higher mark than was ever reached before in August, and almost as high as the highest ever touched. It is increasing steadily, and an entirely new record is likely to be made before the fall months end. Moreover, though production is growing, the stocks on hand are decreasing. Demand keeps ahead of supply. This means, of course, a further advance in prices, even though production be considerably increased, for railroad purchases, which are thus far light, are expected to be heavy in the next few months.

The crop outlook continues to be flattering. Ten days more of absence of frosts will put corn out of danger in Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, and a week or two later it will be beyond the reach of injury from that source in the more northerly tiers of states. Spring wheat's condition, according to the figures of the agricultural department, is 95.9 as compared with 67.1 in 1894 at this time and 67 in 1893. This crop has already past the danger point. Rye, oats, barley, potatoes and almost all other important products of the soil, except cotton, are scoring a larger yield than in the past few years. The agricultural department figures are for August 1st, and would be still better if taken now, for the conditions in the past three weeks have been unusually favorable.

Gold exportation continues, but the syndicate is carrying out its agreement to protect the treasury, and the reserve continues well above the \$1000,000,000 line. The treasury deficit, which was \$8,000,000 in July, will not, the government officials predict, go much above \$5,000,000 in August. The treasury situation is the only speck in the business sky, but here, too, an early improvement is looked for with the growth in trade and the general increase in the country's prosperity. Bank clearances maintain their long lead over last year's figures, and railroad earnings, which were slow in responding to the general business improvement, have recently been nearing the highest level of the past. In all the great productive industries the activity is fully up to the figures of normal years. Commercial failures are decreasing coincidentally with the great increase in commerce. More business is done at present throughout the country than was done at any previous time since 1892 and it is carried out under sounder and easier conditions.—Globe-Democrat.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chap-berlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul Volks Zeitung I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil 678 Selby Ave. St. Paul, Minn. For sale by W. C. Gaston.

365 DAYS

AHEAD OF THEM ALL



The Keating

Is always ready; no lameness; no sickness; no crawling out of bed an hour or two earlier to carry and clean. KEATINGS never break down.

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I am prepared to negotiate sales
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Real Estate, NEGOTIABLE PAPER,
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I have in my charge for sale a large number of farms located in Chariton county and elsewhere. Also lots and residence property in Keytesville and other towns in the county. Most all of which I can sell astonishingly cheap and on almost any terms. All who want to buy or sell should call and see me. You will make or save money by doing so.

MONEY to loan at 6 and 7 per cent. in amounts and on time to suit.

H. C. MINTER, Keytesville, Missouri.

The Cause of Washington's Death.

According to history Washington died of laryngitis. According to the lately published account of his private secretary, Washington died of his doctors.

"Washington had caught cold by riding in a December rain, and woke at 3 a. m. with a chill. The fires in the house had gone down and Washington would not permit any of his family to rise until the usual time in the morning. Domestic remedies were then applied and his overzeal bled him to the extent of half a pint. When the doctor arrived he was bled again. A second physician was summoned and the bleeding was repeated. The case now looked desperate. The two physicians had no hope, except in one expedient, and the patient was bled for the fourth time. With his excellent habits and fine constitution he should have lived fifteen or twenty years longer, and his attack would have yielded readily to modern treatment." It seems amazing at this day that such treatment could have been sanctioned by medical science. A hundred years hence much that is done to-day in the name of medical science will seem just as amazing.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul Volks Zeitung I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil 678 Selby Ave. St. Paul, Minn. For sale by W. C. Gaston.

SELECTED SCRAPS.

Fine flower composes about eighty per cent. of the grain.

Eliza Wales, of East Henrietta, N. Y., 100 years old, still acts as house-keeper for her nephew.

The cemetery keeper at Waycross, Ga., warns certain parties that he will shoot, prosecute and bury the next person, male or female, that draws the staple out of the posts of the gates of the cemetery.

\$384,255,128

Is spent annually for tobacco. Thousands of men die every year from that dreaded disease, Cancer of the Stomach, brought on by the use of Tobacco.

The use of tobacco is injurious to the nervous system, promotes heart troubles, affects the eyesight, injures the voice, and makes your presence obnoxious to those clean and pure from such a filthy habit.

Do You Use Tobacco?
If you do, we know you would like to quit the habit, and we want to assist you, and will, if you say the word.

How Can We Help You? Why, by inducing you to purchase a box of Colli's Tobacco Antidote, which is a preparation compounded strictly of herbs and roots, which is a tonic to the system; also cures the Tobacco Habit and knocks Cigarettes silly.

How Do We Know It Will Cure You? First, by its thousands and thousands of cures; Second, by the increased demand for it from the most reputable wholesale houses; Third, we know what it is composed of and that the preparation will clean the system of nicotine, and will cancel all errors of the past.

Your Druggist Has Colli for sale. If he has not, ask him to get it for you. If he tries to palm off something "just as good" insist on having Colli. If he will not order it for you, send us (\$1.00) one dollar, and receive a box of Colli postpaid. Remember, Colli Cures.

In most cases one box effects a cure, but we guarantee 3 boxes to cure any one.

Colli Remedy Co.,
HIGGINSVILLE, MO